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Poetry.

For the Herald of Freedom.
BY ROSE MOORE.
I'm sore oppressed on every hand
By fortune's cruel and stern demand,
That place as on life's shifting sand,
To whistle o'er the lava o't.
Food friends will fade like snow in June,
Or dew that bathes the flowers at noon,
And thus they send us all too soon
To whistle o'er the lava o't.
Then rave ye temptress in despair,
And hunger ruin make your lair,
And to it in defeat repair,
To whistle o'er the lava o't.
For since the past is black as night,
And future bodes no better light,
We'll make the present doubly bright,
And whistle o'er the lava o't.

THE JAY-HAWKER; A TALE OF SOUTHERN KANSAS.

BY F. F. FOWLER.

[Continued.]
I recommended, Col. Scribble concurs. Gov. Kane advises and strongly urges the measure. The different members which are to constitute the tribunal, have been duly appointed and commissioned, and will soon be in session.
"It was thought best to appoint men who lived remote from the scene of the disturbances; they would have less local prejudice, and be more likely to do all parties justice, you know."
"Precisely, precisely; I see how it is, Esquire; go on, if you please."
"Well, you know there is a strong Pro-Slavery influence in that region; it would be natural for them to object to the operations of such a court, constituted in such a way, and very likely would make some demonstration more or less decisive and strong against it. It will doubtless be so. There is Captain Corvus standing in the background at present, who will be invited there with his small command, for the protection of the court. He will come, you understand, at the urgent solicitation of the people--their urgent solicitation."
"That is capital, friend Sly. I am delighted; how Providence smiles upon our blessing a good cause; but go on, go on."
"You see then, that when once Captain Corvus has taken the field, it will be easy to keep him there and sustain him until the whole work is done. Here is a chain--a net work, if you please--extending to every part of the Territory. Strike one link--touch one wire, and the whole will vibrate from center to circumference. Any desirable number of men, and any amount of means can be raised without difficulty."
"But I hold"--here a traveler calls to beg a drink of water; Sly stops; lifts his leg and places it across his right knee; smooths his fox-tail beard; picks his teeth and gazes on vacancy. The traveler leaves.
"Poor old Argus," he is hunting for a home; he has been knocked into ruin by a Free State mob; but then, he is nobody. I think he did not hear any remarks; go on, Sly."
"Well, as I was saying, I hold that the war ought to support itself; it is a poor case that will not do that. I think the war should support itself--you understand."
"Precisely, precisely; that is what I say. Those men have forfeited their rights here; if they leave, very well; if not, and we are put to the trouble to drive them out, they must pay the bill. I have been a great loser by the grand scheme; every thing I own Sammy had a horse shot under him. We have been very unfortunate; but I hope, by the blessing of Heaven, we shall get through, and drive those miserable wretches and their sympathizers from the Territory."
The Esquire rises to leave.
"Don't be in a hurry, stay all night and start fresh in the morning. I wish to pursue this matter a little further."
Sly resumes his seat.
"We must involve the country up this way, friend Sly; a secret organization must be gotten up here; there are lots of people--grand scamps living on Big Sun, who must not be suffered to remain; they were in the troubles of '56, and must be driven out."
"It ought to be done, friend Prey; the only difficulty is in getting the thing started; but how shall we do that? We must first ascertain our strength."
"Leave that to me? While you are engaged elsewhere, I will set the ball in motion. I have learned, friend Sly, that the best way to manage men is to excite them. I have learned that much in protracted meetings. Make them feel their danger, and they will muster to the anxious seat, or to face border ruffians; but we must carefully conceal the secret spring of the whole movement. I know how to set the thing in motion when the right time comes. It is growing late; perhaps you wish to retire. You and Sammy will occupy that bed. Before we retire, however, we will read, and seek the blessing of God."
The person takes the bible and reads:

"I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you, and persecute you," &c.; and with the brief exordium, "In my prayer," kneels and invokes in spirit-stirring language the blessings of the Most High.
The prayer ends; the night passes; the morning dawns and the glorious sunbeams kiss lovingly once more the cold bosom of mother earth.
Solon Sly, Esq., is jogging along on his winding way, his feet almost trailing on the ground, and his small eyes twinkling like two gimlet holes above the foxy appendage to his chin.
The scene changes. Turn we our attention to another part of the Territory. The magic genius which presides over and engineers the unfolding of our complicated tale, gently sweeps aside the curtain of the past and reveals a scene a little anterior to the notable pony excursion of Solon Sly, Esq.
We are led up one flight of stairs, and ushered into a small room where we stand in the presence of several individuals--gentlemen, of course--who are very busily discussing something which seems to be of paramount importance, and their manner of conversation suggests the idea that the subject requires secrecy, for they converse in low, muffled voices. Still, by close attention, we may learn something important, and gain some knowledge of the subject which seems to claim their particular and profound attention.
The meeting is not conducted according to the rules and customs of Legislative bodies; it partakes more of a caucus to concert measures for supporting a party, or for the overthrow of one which is considered obnoxious to the public weal.
The first individual who sits there opposite to the door, by which we have just entered, is a man above the medium stature; has a sanguine, nervous temperament; quick, active, restless like eyes; possessed of great activity of mind as well body, and is a ready writer, somewhat of a speaker, but thought by many to be eloquent; his education is, at times, so hurried and jumbled together, that words seem to be smashed and jammed out of their native form; and a sentence sounds much like the very earnest, emphatic, logical, argumentative and unanswerable jumble of a fully expanded turkey-ock.
Some, even, wildly dream that he possesses eminent military and diplomatic ability; and that as a statesman he has few equals and no superiors--positions and assumptions which we are neither prepared nor inclined to controvert. It may be that he is by birth a foreigner, but on that account he is neither better nor worse, and we are not among those who would withhold from him any courtesy or privilege because he was not born in the land of the free and the home of the brave.
True, it may be a misfortune to a man to be born at all; or, it may be a misfortune to others, but no man, we think, and in this point we solicit the favorable judgment of the reader--no man ought to cast reflections upon, and blame himself for being born.
Colonel Scribble, the person before us, is least of all inclined to do so, for he moves with a consciousness that he fills a place in the world which cannot be filled by any other person--man, woman or child.
That person there on the right of the redoubtable Colonel, and much his inferior in physical and mental endowments, is, nevertheless, born to be a man of renown. His name is Gun. There is certainly a good deal of percussion about him, and his explosive powers are tremendous. His speech is a slight Yorkshire accent in his enunciation, but that is not important.
That man on the left of the Colonel--he of the red face and grey eye, with a slight impediment in his speech--is Canon. He is not a whit behind his colleague Gun in all the elements of precocious greatness, yet it is thought he is not so deeply involved in flirtation with the masses. Certainly in point of muscle and mental power, he is more like a cannon than he is like a simple gun.
Two other individuals, Mr. Wolf and Mr. Crow, fill up the foreground of the picture, while several lesser lights are ranged around the room, among whom you see that fair-faced, fine looking youth, who seems to be talking and writing by turns, as if he was a reporter for some newspaper. He is that, and more. He is the editor of a paper entitled the "High Flying Gallinipper."
"A weekly--or weekly--perhaps both--publication, published by Buncombe, Humbug & Co., and devoted to news and Jay-Hawk literature in general--and mendacity, bombast and fury in particular."
The Colonel speaks: "hear, hear."
"It is necessary, my colleagues, that something should be done to stop that ill-dreaded Brown. We advocate a different policy from that pursued by him; if he triumphs, all is lost. We must crush out the Herald in some way. I have a plan to propose. You know we are here assembled, have long manufactured and controlled public opinion outside of the Territory, and we can and must continue to do so. There is no alternative, we must go down or see must. Such are my sentiments."
"And mine." "And mine." "And mine." "And mine." is repeated by the different members of the group.
Gun speaks: "You are aware that B. advocates the voting policy; also, he is in favor of electing men to fill the various offices created by the Lecompton Constitution. Besides, he is down on Jay-Hawk hallogothery. This will never do; he must be put down." "Down with him," "Down with him," is heard from each member present.
Canon speaks: "Gentlemen, the scheme delights me much. We must go to work in earnest, and we can, by a succession of bold strokes, bring the matter to a focus."
"We are with you heart and soul!" respond the voices of Messrs. Wolf and Crow.
Scribble speaks again: "Gentlemen, we have all one interest in this matter; my voice is still for war." "And mine." "And mine." "We will oppose the voting policy in any and every form, under the bogus laws. We will have immediately a new convention, so Judge Carrot advises, and he is a head and shoulders taller than others in point of legal lore. That convention shall form a new Constitution, and when that is done, I should be under great obligation if you, gentlemen, would wield your vast influence in favor of my taking under its provisions the gubernatorial chair, a favor which I will repay in kind." "We will!" "We will!" say they all.
"I thank you, gentlemen. One thing more. I am happy to inform you that our mutual friend Sly will leave in a few days for the south part of the Territory. He will co-operate with us against B. He is very efficient in pushing on the secret organization of the 'Sons of Freedom.' He bears, also, a commission from General Kane to Rev. Capt. Corvus."
"Good!" "Good!" say several voices.
"You know, gentlemen, the Rev. Captain destroyed the ballot box on a certain occasion. He did right, gentlemen. That election law was never made for the punishment of Republicans, but for 'Border Ruffians.'"
"That's so!" say they all.
"Well, gentlemen, we all know what is being done and what must be done. We must cripple that d-d press by every means in our power, among the most efficient of which is the vast influence we can bring to bear upon the public mind through our correspondence with the leading presses in the country."
Our friend, the Reporter, has sat during all this time, occasionally writing a few words and anon, nibbling the end of his pen-holder. He now rises--speaks: "I am delighted, truly. I fully concur in all you have done and resolved to do. But you need an efficient organ, gentlemen. You are aware that the press wields vast power. Permit me to solicit your favorable regard for the 'High Flying Gallinipper.' Your great influence wielded in its behalf, would put it on a firm basis; while, in return, you would find it a powerful auxiliary in the accomplishment of your plans. Permit me, then, to recommend to you, and solicit your patronage in favor of the 'High Flying Gallinipper.' You need an organ, gentlemen, an organ different from any you have at present--the Gallinipper is emphatically the organ for your work, and I trust it will fully reflect your wishes and be a true and faithful exponent of the principles which you so ably maintain."
Our genius conducts us now to another part of the Territory.
There stands a lonely cabin in the wild wood near the margin of that beautiful stream. High bold bluffs bound the view from the cabin on the east and south. A small garden spot is cleared of the timber and shrubs which a little while ago covered it--it is enclosed with a rail fence. The proprietor, Charles Benton, has so far complied with the pre-emption law, as to erect a cabin and commence other necessary improvements.
And joining it on the south is another claim taken by his widowed mother. They occupy both claims and hope, when the survey is made, to enter them both in compliance with the law. The old lady has just finished her morning repast, and has walked out of her humble cabin and stands enjoying the morning air, and it may be her thoughts ascend the river of her years, to the time when she was young and just entering upon her married life, with the husband of her youth and of her choice--now passed away from her fond embrace. Tears follow each other down her time-furrowed cheeks.
See! who comes there? It is Rev. Mr. Prey. He has his double-barreled shot gun on his shoulder, and a revolver fastened behind him underneath the skirts of his coat. He is mounted upon a horse and casts his eyes and directs his course towards the cabin. It is very kind in him to visit the widow and the fatherless in their afflictions.
Charles Benton is absent and the matron is alone. The Parson approaches and speaks to Mrs. Benton, who has just started to enter the cabin. Surely he will offer words of friendship and encouragement.
No. "Mr. B., you are on my claim; you must leave."
"You surprise me, Mr. Prey; what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say; you are on my claim and you must leave immediately." "It cannot be, Mr. Prey. I came here before the lines were run. I am an older settler than you, and I cannot see how I am on your claim or why I must leave." "I tell you you are on my claim, and you must and shall leave and, that, too, very soon." "Mr. Prey, let me remain until the register decides which of us are entitled to the claim. I came here first; I am a poor, lone woman; it would be hard to leave at this time and seek another home. Be patient, Mr. Prey, until the decision is made at the Land Office, and I am content." "I care nothing about the Land Office. I tell you to be off; if you don't go I will throw you and your things into the creek. So be warned in time." Rev. Mr. Prey returns home, lies down upon his bed and reads from an old and venerable book, "Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and the widow in their afflictions, and to keep himself unspotted from the world;" closes the book, draws in a long breath, and then finds relief in an explosive "Ah!" Look back to where that cabin stood; there is no indication that a cabin ever stood there. Vacancy and silence brood thoughtfully over the spot. The cabin near the margin of the stream, is also without an occupant.
"Good morning, friend Argus." "Good morning, Mr. Prey. Preparing for a journey, I see?" "Yes; I am going to Lecompton; my claim is contested. That old woman who lived in the neighborhood awhile, claims it. She has taken it into her head to go back to Missouri and now is trying to get my claim. I have suffered everything from those Pro-Slavery scoundrels. Her son was a grand scamp. I am glad they are gone. Ah!"

CHAPTER III.

Rev. Captain Corvus sits in his log cabin, in his--not very easy--chair. In that corner of the room stands a shot-gun and a Sharp's rifle, while suspended on the wall above them are a brace of revolvers--"navy size"--and a long knife. It is just before noon. The reverend Captain is not a man of large stature. He is of about medium height, and not very strongly made. He is quick in his movements, and capable of enduring much hardship. He possesses a strongly nervous temperament; keen black eyes, and a very fine set of teeth which, when he laughs, exhibit themselves to very good advantage. He is a spare man, and at present a little pale. He is easy and affable in his address; has a passable education, and is a fluent speaker. He is a man of "mild demeanor, but of savage mood." A gentleman approaches the cabin--rides to the door--dismounts from his pony and enters. The Captain and the guest salute each other.
"Take a seat, friend Sly. You have just come from Lawrence, I presume--Do you bring any news of importance?" "Nothing which is new to you, except your commission," handing Corvus a paper. "By the way, Captain, our cause ought to be a good one, and succeed, seeing we have so many preachers engaged in it." The gimlet eyes twinkle mirthfully above the foxy beard.
"It is a good one, Squire, and must succeed. In '56 the Free State men had to leave. I dare not stay at home, and I played for round around among the timber, in the ravines and tall grass, in order to protect myself. Now the tables are turned, I am bound not to hold still to be skinned. If I cannot get hold of the men who molested me, I can find enough of the same breed that will do about as well. But you must have some news to communicate, have you not?" "I have one item which may be news, but read your commission and see how you like it." Corvus reads--"It is all right; the General knows how to do such things." "Yes; and knows very well what men to select. The fact is, Captain, your contempt of the ballot-box on a certain occasion, has secured to you much favor in high places. It is thought that a man of that spirit would make a prompt, resolute and efficient leader, and you are therefore appointed to be at the head of the whole movement in this region. Besides, your efficiency as a Legislator, and your firm attachment to the Topeka Constitution, are well known, and make strongly in your favor with our most influential men." "Yes; well it gives me pleasure to think that my conduct thus far meets with general approbation." "It does, indeed; the majority are your friends; only now and then a croaker, among whom is the editor of--no matter, that will be put down. We have a paper there now, which will do up the business in fine style. Our leaders talk of making it the organ of our party. It is the 'High Flying Gallinipper'--almost infallible, you see." The small eyes twinkle, and a sound very much like a half-strangled chuckle, seems to emanate from the mouth of the fox-tail appendage about the month. "It is published by Buncombe, Humbug & Co., a strong firm, you see. They are solid men--large capitalists--millionaires. They have almost unbounded influence with the people." "You bring me very gratifying intelligence, Squire." "This is not all. The paper is devoted to the publication of news and Jay-Hawk literature in general, and to mendacity, bombast and fury in particular. You know how necessary it is, for the success of our party, to have such an organ." "I do, indeed, friend Sly; we have long felt the want of an ably conducted journal which would be a true exponent of the principles of our party. And I am convinced that the Gallinipper will supply that desideratum. You know, Sly, the world has a name for a thing; we have a different name for the same thing; this is necessary to our success." "There is another matter of which you may not be aware, Captain; it is to lay out in that other paper there. I have tried in vain to control it. One thing still remains to be done. You know that place is the headquarters of every movement in the Territory. There is not a movement of public importance that is not connected, discussed and concurred in there, before it goes out to other parts of the land. Our plan is to--to cripple, if not wholly to crush that other paper. When it is seen that the subscription list has well nigh run down, the proprietor will be willing and anxious to sell out. This is a desideratum. In that event, Buncombe, Humbug & Co. will come forward and purchase the entire establishment. The paper then will become a co-worker with the Gallinipper; you know this is important. It would be awkward business, and not a little unpleasant and embarrassing, to have a powerful enemy at headquarters, who knows our secrets, and is able and ready at all times to divulge them. It would work strongly to our prejudice, and must be prevented. I must now away to Fort Scott. You know the Squatter Court will be in session on the Osage immediately, and will be called there in a few days. Mark that, Captain, you will be called upon--urgently solicited--to come there with your squad before many days, so be ready." "I will see to that, friend Sly. I have long wished for an opportunity to go there in that way, but I wanted certain preliminaries to be arranged first. If the Court creates a necessity for my coming, and then they, being joined in the solicitation with sundry citizens to send for me, it will look very different to the world from my going there on my own hook." "Just so, Captain; it is all 'out and dried'; and in any event, if you escape the bullets of your enemies, you have nothing to fear from any power in the Territory." "The Governor might cause me to be arrested, perhaps, but that would make capital in my favor." "True; but if you are ever arrested, going quietly--you might be put upon your trial, but I do not believe that a jury could be found who would agree to convict you; and if they did, conviction is no punishment. I tell you, you would be saved from that. The influence of Buncombe, Humbug & Co. over the 'boys' is unbounded. They are solid men--millionaires--firm friends of the boys, and the boys are equally firm in their attachment to them. It would take but a word--a look--a motion of the finger from that firm, to set the boys in motion--and then Corvus, conviction and punishment may get out of the way. I tell you, Captain, in general terms, when you come to the scratch, the boys rule this Territory, and the firm of Buncombe, Humbug & Co. rule the boys." "Just so, friend Sly; I am well aware of all that. When do you return?" "Not till I visit the region of the Marmiton, and set the Court in motion; I shall then return--'lie low,' and be prepared to listen, unsuspecting, to any items of news which may reach the long ears of the public. You know the part I play must be a secret." The Captain laughs openly--heartily; but Sly is quiescent, silent as space, save the twinkling of the little eyes, and another half-choked chuckle, as it struggled to be discharged through the bushy gateway of his prison.

"One word more, Captain, and I am off. We must anticipate the whole movement; that is, we must carry it all through as if it grew legitimately out of the troubles of '56. True, there has been a long time of peace and quiet, and people feel secure. Many suffered, and were driven from their homes at that time, and it will be easy to enlist their services, and it requires no tact at all to make people generally believe that the coming troubles are but natural consequences of the former ones." "That is all so, Squire; we think, feel and understand alike on that subject." Our attention is next directed to a spot near the Osage. You see that strong, bearded log house standing on the low land, just in the edge of the timber and near the stream. It is about fourteen miles from Fort Scott. A small creek debouches into the Osage, a little above the log house, or fort, as it is called. The land north of the house is open prairie, and rises gradually until it attains an elevation upon which an observer can have a fine view of the surrounding country for many miles in every direction. There are men upon the summit now, making observations, and upon a close inspection, we perceive that they are armed. What great emergency makes this precaution necessary? Look we, again, to the house near the timber. Here are visible more than thirty armed men. What does it mean? If they will permit us, we will enter the cabin. What have we here? A concave of grave looking men, most of whom have very hairy faces. They seem to be deliberating on a subject, apparently of great importance. Although the men are mostly armed, and strangers to us, they courteously permit us to remain long enough to learn their business. Let us listen and observe. It may be there are faces, hidden somewhere among those hairy masks, which we have seen before. Our old friend, foxy Sly, is not among them now. He has been here, and has gone north. But, as I live, here is our friend Dr. Squill; and here, too, is our old friend Rev. Mr. Grabbrother. Disinterested men, very--have come from a remote region, north of the Osage, to sit in judgment upon questions and matters which they are unwilling should be passed upon in a legal manner. Blessings on their love of justice. Physic and Divinity! this is a Court indeed--thanks to the firm of Buncombe, Humbug & Co. The quasi Sheriff enters; he brings along, before the Court, a man about thirty years old. The offence for which he has been arrested, and brought here in such a summary manner, is stated, and the young man, Mr. South, is put upon his trial forthwith. The civil authorities at Fort Scott have fallen into bad odor with the people. Here is a grave offence to be passed upon; one which requires the interposition of a competent and impartial--an intelligent and justice-loving tribunal, imported from remote counties. It is certainly an exhibition of great magnanimity on the part of Parson Grabbrother and Dr. Squill, to leave their pressing avocations at home--the care of the sick, and the supervision and care of souls--and come so far, at such a time, to preside in grave and great majesty over breaches of propriety and public peace. But hark! Hear the charge preferred against the audacious culprit: "Mr. South, you are charged with insulting Mrs. Trail. You have assaulted her with a shower of epithets made up of sundry hard names, which you have audaciously uttered; egregiously shocking to her sense of propriety, and producing upon her great confusion of face." You are arraigned, therefore, as a vile and audacious disturber of the public peace." "You have heard the charge; what do you plead, guilty or not guilty?" The prisoner has been seated on a rude bench in the north-east corner of the room. He rises--comes forward a few steps toward the tribunal, as the officer for which he is arraigned is set forth. As the inquiry is made, "guilty or not guilty," he roars out in an excited voice: "I say it is all a d-d lie." The Court--"Prisoner, you must refrain from the use of such language, and show more respect for the Court, the complainant, and the laws of good breeding." "I will, gentlemen; I am in a d-d tight place; I don't want to be physically or prayed to death, but I swear the whole story is a dog-d-d lie." Witnesses are introduced which fully prove the charge set forth. Passing over the proof, let us listen to the poor defence. The prisoner rises and speaks: "I say, gentlemen, its no use talking if witnesses will lie so." Court--"Prisoner, you must avoid such language." "Well, I will. I say, if people will tell such d-d lies, I wonder where they expect to go to when the Doctors have given them up. I say the truth, and no lie. That old woman went for to steal my pigs; well, I reckon she was very 'pear' in the way she took to get 'em. She took some corn in her apron, and scattered it along on the ground so the pigs would follow her off. I seed what was goin' on, so I goes and says you d-d old no-account critter, you are trailing off my pigs. Says she, aint you a fine gentleman to abuse a woman for a few little no-account pigs, 'specially as the pigs is mine. And I jist told her to let the pigs alone--they was mine, and she was a d-d old, ornery, dog-on, no-account, thievish son of a b--" The Court deliberates; they are not long in deciding a question where the proof of guilt is so clear and conclusive, and the rebutting testimony--nowhere. "Hear ye; hear ye, the judgment of the Court: The Court decrees that you, Mr. South, are fined to the amount of your claim and horses, and that you forthwith leave the Territory." South speaks: "Well, take 'em; you are all a d-d set of robbers and cutthroats." Again the Court is called upon, in the exercise of its great power, to pass sentence upon that shabby, hang-dog looking culprit, just brought before his honor and his reverence. "The charge against you, Mr. Barrow, is that you have been stealing hogs--What do you plead, guilty or not guilty?" "I say its a d-d no such thing; I haint stole no hogs, and its none of the Court's business." "You must be civil, Mr. Barrow; you are in the presence of a tribunal which can compel you to be more respectful in your language." "I don't care shucks for this court. You are a d-d pretty set of fellows to come here and try a chap for stealin'; why don't you stay at home and mind your business?" [To be continued in our next.]

From Pike's Peak.
The kindness of Madison Humphrey, of this city, has permitted us to make the following extracts from a letter received by him from his brother--Capt. H. M. Humphrey, late of Alton--now in the Cherry Creek Gold Mines. It appears that Capt. Humphrey does not find the prospects very flattering. The result of his experience and observation go to show that gold cannot be accumulated there much if any faster than here. It will be remembered, however, that he had been there but a short time when he wrote, and he may find better prospects upon further investigation.--Alton Courier.
ATLANTA, K. T., Dec. 29, 1858.
I left Leavenworth City on the 6th of October, in company with five other men. We passed through Osawkee, Indianola, St. Mary's Mission, Manhattan, Fort Riley, and other new and flourishing towns. We forced Republican river without difficulty; passed Junction City, and crossed Solomon's Fork by carrying our tools over a drift-wood bridge, and swimming our oxen with the wagon. Ten miles farther on we crossed Saline river in the same manner. After traveling up the Smoky Hill river five or six days, cold weather set in on us, and wood and grass became scarce. Desiring to avoid the cold, we turned south and struck the Santa Fe road one hundred and fifty miles below Bent's Fort, which latter place we reached on the 18th of November. While on the Smoky Hill we had plenty of wood, water and game; after turning south, we found the latter too scarce. Three of our oxen gave out in consequence of the wearing of their feet, and we had to buy another pair. After leaving Bent's Fort we had very pleasant weather except one snow storm, from which we suffered intensely. Some of our company got their ears, hands and feet frozen.
We reached Cherry Creek Valley on the 6th of December, after a tedious journey of two months. Two weeks of this time we were compelled to lie over, and we were further thrown out of our way and detained by want of a proper knowledge of the route.
Those who return from here to the States will mostly take the northern route down the Platte river; but I think there will be some opened up through the Smoky Hill Valley in the spring, which will be the most direct and best route to the mines.
This town is situated in the forks of Platte river and Cherry creek, and contains several or eighty log cabins now occupied, and many more in progress of erection. It has one store. A large train, loaded with goods and provisions, has just come in from New Mexico. Previously, flour had been selling at \$25 per 100 lbs; it can now be had for \$15 to \$20. Whiskey sells for \$8 per gallon, and other things in proportion. It is estimated that there are seven hundred men on the Platte river and the creeks in this neighborhood.
The weather, since I came, has been very beautiful and very pleasant. I have been perfectly comfortable, without a coat on, almost every day.
As to the Gold--I believe it is here over a large extent of country in length and breadth; but it is not yet found in sufficient quantities to pay well for the working. Nogs who are working are averaging more than two or three dollars a day. What gold is found is very rich and light. I have prospected considerable, and have found no diggings where I could be sure of over a dollar a day. A company of Georgians who were here last summer, and who "prospected" the country for hundreds of miles, tell me they have found no place yet where mining will pay. A company of us intend going into the mountains as soon as the weather will admit of it, where we are confident we will find paying diggings, if such are to be found at all.
There are a great many men here laying out claims, and making a great "blaze" about the gold that is to be found here, for the sake of encouraging emigration, and speculating on their town property; but I warn you to beware of the glowing and enticing accounts sent out from such sources. I intend to remain here until next fall, and if I find anything that will pay, I will let you know. If any of you have got the "gold fever" had enough to wish to come here, you must come on your own responsibility, for I cannot now conscientiously encourage any one to come.
H. M. HUMPHREY.
Loving and Forgiving.
Man has an unfortunate readiness, in the hour after receiving an affront, to draw together all the mean spots on the other person into an outline of shadow, and a night piece, and to transform a single deed into a whole life; and this only in order that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love, he has fortunately the faculty of crowding together all the light parts and rays of its object into one focus, by means of the burning-glass of imagination, and letting its sun burn without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved and often censured being is already beyond the skies. In order, however, that we do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Winckelman, but only in another way. As he set aside a particular half hour of each day for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence in Rome, so we ought daily or weekly to sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families, our wives, our children and our friends, and viewing them in their beautiful crowned assemblage of their good qualities. And, indeed, we should do so for this reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the beloved beings are already departed hence, and are beyond our reach.--Jen Paul Richter.
G-A young lady, in Pittsburgh, disconcerted her lover for his small size. In his resentment he burned her father's house. "Lo! (says Prentice), what a big fire a little spark kindleth!"
G-C-Zest without knowledge is without light.

Important from Pike's Peak.
We are indebted, says the Johnson county Standard, to the kindness of the recipient of the following letter for permission to publish it. It is from a gentleman who has had years of experience in gold mining, both in Australia and California; and, therefore, is entitled to credence:
ATLANTA, SOUTH PLATTE.
February 13th, 1859.
MR. JAMES SOMERVELL:--Having an opportunity, by our newly-appointed postmaster, Mr. Samuel E. Curtis, returning to the States, I send you this, my second letter from here.
Although we are not without hopes of finding gold in the mountains that may pay, yet it is my duty to you and our friends to inform you that the diggings, so far as known, will not pay; they do not yield fifty cents per day to the man, with the best appliances for collecting it in places and about ten cents with a cradle. There have been exceptions to this; some small patches have yielded a few dollars per day; but they were soon worked out.
This gold-field is of vast extent along the foot of these mountains, reaching the breadth of this Territory; and beyond, if we can believe reports, the color is found on every water-course, and on the open prairie, in many places; but in general it is so fine and light that it requires much care to collect, and much bulk to the value. A quantity that a company had been working for a week and over, I estimated to be nearly an ounce. It weighed six dollars. Dry it, and cast it on the water, and part of it will float, like chaff, for a time.
When I see a stray newspaper from the States, I find there "plenty of gold found here, and to be found." The writers of these are town lot speculators, and traders, who rely on the emigration alone to favor their schemes.
At present there are supposed to be six hundred men in these mines; some building houses in towns, some sawing lumber in the pineries, many prospecting, and working for their board, some writing golden lies for your newspapers, professionally, and a few loafers.
We have had a beautiful winter--clear days and frosty nights. Our cattle are doing well, it being such a winter as we had but, up to this time, the best we could have had. I have but one good yoke of oxen and a wagon, but we keep them. I have been employed most of my time sawing lumber, and digging ditches to sluice with; but as we have more lumber than we want ourselves, we sell only on credit, we have stopped. I am an expert with that "long saw," and could do well if there were buyers.
Mr. James left us five weeks ago, on a secret expedition, believing some grand discovery had been made, but the result is not known. I have had two letters from him across the "divide" at the base of Pike's Peak. They have laid out a town at the month of the canon called "El Dorado," of which town company we are all three members.
Apart from the rumors that float about here, as with you, of distant great things, the rationale of these expeditions is found in this: all the streams that issue from beyond the front range of the Rocky Mountains, are the only gold-bearing ones. Cherry Creek, and others, rising in the "divide," are the exceptions. Those rising in the front range have no more gold than the prairies beside them. It is also said that all of them bear samples of gold, but it can now be had for \$15 to \$20. Whiskey sells for \$8 per gallon, and other things in proportion. It is estimated that there are seven hundred men on the Platte river and the creeks in this neighborhood.
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